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NAT. REP. H.D.O.T.S

REFORM ADMINISTRATION PERIOD PRICKLE GUARANTEED

MUZZLING THE PRESS

DEAL WITH MAHONE & CO.

MONTANA SWINDLE

ILL TREATMENT OF P.M. PEARSON

OKLAHOMA SCANDAL

TREACHERY TO CIVIL SERVICE REFORM

REMOVAL OF SALTONSTALL

DEAL WITH DAGGETT

WANAMAKER'S POSTMASTER GENERALSHIP CHEAP AT $400,000.00

PRIVATE CLAIM FOR $2500.00 PUSHED THROUGH CONGRESS

DEAL WITH JOHN Y. McKANE

BROKEN PLEDGE

INTERFERENCE WITH BROOKLYN LOCAL POLITICS

TANNER SCANDAL

T.

APRIL FOOL!

PUCK,

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

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Wednesday, March 26th, 1890.—No. 681.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

SUPPOSE it were proposed to give, in the city of New York, a grand public dinner, the grandest ever given, in honor of some great event or achievement in which every one of her citizens must be interested — the completion of the new aqueduct, for instance, or the preservation of the town from the bombardment of a foreign fleet. The proposition would be made, as such propositions usually are, by a self-appointed committee of perhaps two dozen prominent citizens, the men of distinction and wide acquaintance who take such matters in charge, who have had experience in this delicate and arduous work, and who are generally looked to as the proper men to perform such functions.

* * *

These two dozen citizens, we will suppose, have taken the work in hand. The first thing they have to do is to draw up lists of other citizens, equally or less prominent, who shall fitly represent all classes and conditions, all trades and professions, all sects and nationalities among New York's solid men who are entitled to appear in public upon so honorable an occasion. In order to do this work perfectly, the two dozen citizens of the committee would divide themselves into various sub-committees, each to select names representative of some special class, or profession, or nationality. The Sub-Committee on Citizens of Foreign Birth would be one of the most important of these committees. It would be selected with great care. Only men of age, tact, and broad experience would dare to accept a place upon it.

* * *

We will suppose that this sub-committee is formed. There are five sub-committee-men. Each one is a member of half a dozen clubs, a dozen "societies" or "associations," and each one has aided in getting up dozens of public dinners, large and small.

"We will take up the German-Americans first, gentlemen," says the Chairman; "I believe we have between two and three hundred thousand of them. Please suggest your names."

Everybody says "Carl Schurz." Down goes Mr. Schurz's name. Then come six or eight names more. Then there is a pause. Then the names begin to come, in this way:

"I don't know him personally; but Mr. —— is a very prominent man."

"Is n't Mr. —— the most important man in the —— trade?"

"I have met him only once, but Mr. —— is a most interesting man."

"Dr. —— is one of the first men in the profession."

"I suppose that the most important German in the —— business is Mr. —— ."

"Don't any of you know Mr. ——? He 's a splendid speaker, I 'm told."

* * *

"We 'll take up the French list," says the Chairman.

"Frederick Coudert," says everybody. Then come the six or eight familiar names. Then the same hesitancy; the same marshaling of names that are names only to the old, widely acquainted New Yorkers on the committee.

"The Irish list," cries the Chairman, in despair. "There were 200,000 of them here at the last census. There must be 400,000 now."

"Eugene Kelly," says everybody. But, somehow, with the Irish list, it is rather a question of what names shall be excluded than of what names shall be included — there are more than enough names with a familiar ring to them. But the English and the Scotchmen and the Italians and the Spaniards and the Portuguese and the Russians and the Danes and the Swedes and the Norwegians and the Hollanders and the Greeks have very few names that suggest an agreeable personality to these bright, popular, prominent New Yorkers, who have been all their lives glad to know anybody and everybody who was worth knowing, and who never have dreamed of refusing their friendship to a man who deserved and desired it, with no better reason to give than that he was not of their nationality.

* * *

Are there, then, so few Germans, so few Frenchmen, so few Englishmen, so few Irishmen, so few Scotchmen, so few Italians, so few Spaniards, so few Portuguese, so few Russians, so few Danes, so few Swedes, so few Norwegians, so few Dutch, so few Greeks in this great cosmopolitan city that the old and well-informed inhabitants can not think of a fair number of each nationality who are sufficiently well-bred and dignified to stand for their element of the population at a great representative festival? Not at all. There are foreigners enough, and foreigners enough suitable for the position. But the New Yorker does not know them, for they do not care to know the New Yorker. He will find plenty of brilliant, interesting, worthy men among the foreigners in New York. But, if he desires to seek them, he must look for the Germans in the German clubs, for the Frenchmen in the French clubs, and for the men of each nationality in its own large or small social congregation, segregated from the body of the people as though a religious difference set them apart, and not the mere accident of birth. And we would be willing to wager that if there are six prosperous, intelligent Montenegrins dwelling in New York City, they meet one night of each week in the house of one of their number, and spend the evening in good old Montenegrin fashion. And we will wager further, that if any one of the six brought a native American to such a gathering, the American would be received with every courtesy and kindness, but the introducing Montenegrin would be regarded with doubt and suspicion from that time forth by his fellow-Montenegrins.

* * *

Why should this state of things exist? Why — for instance — should the Germans of New York support five or six strictly German clubs, whose wealth and luxury make them worthy of any city in the world? Why should there be a little German city in this big city of New York — and a little French city, and a little Italian city, and a little Spanish city, and so on? Why should the German, who is a good and faithful American citizen in public affairs, remain a German in all social matters — trading only with Germans, dealing only with Germans, associating only with Germans? Why should the French form a French colony, and the Spaniards a Spanish colony? This sort of thing is well enough for our good friends the English residents, who refuse to be naturalized, and content themselves with complaining that the Irish vote has too much influence. But why should our friendlier friends who have taken oath of allegiance to the United States, and renounced all foreign ties — why should they live the social lives of exiles among a well-disposed people?

* * *

There is no adequate reason why these things should be. Yet — so they are in New York, and in hundreds of other towns and cities throughout the country. It is not because the native American refuses to associate with the foreigner. Wherever an alien-born citizen accepts the social ethics as he accepts the political ethics of this country, he is made welcome, and he has as good a chance as any American for popularity and affection — as witness the names mentioned above. Yet this clannish subdivision of foreign-born citizens remains the rule, here and elsewhere; and in New York it has done much to weaken, if not to destroy, local public spirit.

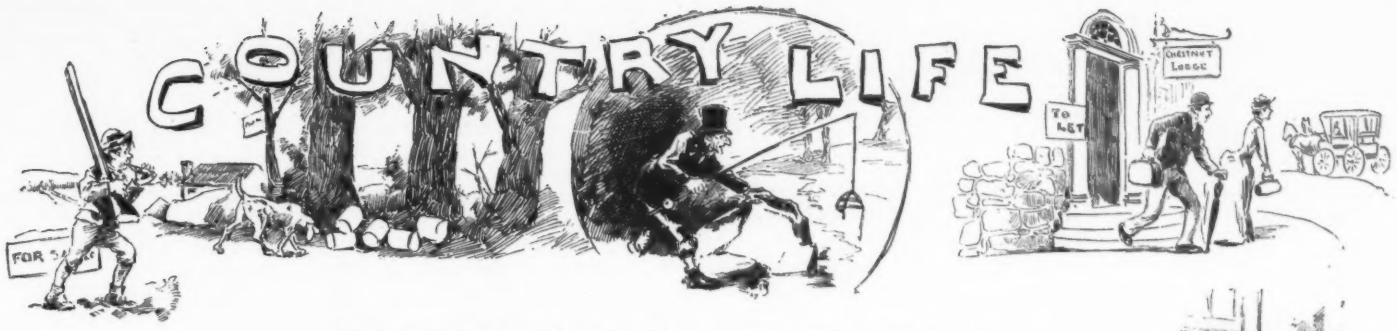
* * *

We can well understand that a naturalized American citizen may loyally and honestly retain a tender memory of his *Vaterland* or his *Patrie:* that he may prefer *skat* or *piquet* to poker or whist: that he may like *gulyás* better than mutton stew, or *pâté de foies gras* better than boned turkey. But that he should let his early predilections and prejudices keep him from free and cordial association with the people with whom he has cast his lot, we can *not* understand.

Our foreign fellow-citizens are missing a great deal of fun.

MAKING AMENDS.

"Come, Nellie, don't be a baby. Crying won't mend your doll."
"Well, Mama, will laughing?"



No quail in the dark wood can be found;
The brook gives no angler sport;
New butter 's sold for a dollar per pound,
And cream 's forty cents per quart.

There is n't a fresh egg near or far,
And the farmer's greens are stale;
The farmer drinks at a mirrored bar,
And buys his hay by the bale.

A brown-stone house is the rural cot,
A hydrant 's the wayside spring;
The country house on the city lot
Is considered the proper thing.

The Town Hall is a Casino now;
Lamp-posts on the "streets" are put,
And the wilderness of a mountain-brow
Is sold by the ounce or foot.

Electric lights on the still air play,
And if we should keep a cow,
Our sensitive neighbor, three feet away,
Would complain, and raise a row.

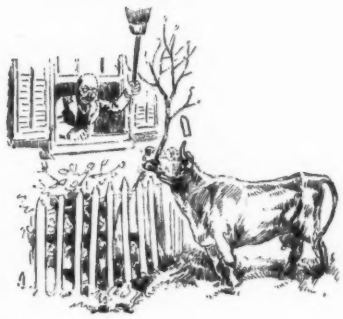
Our houses, when May-time 's blowing free,
To our urban friends we lease
For the Summer, furnished, and we flee
To the mountain for rest and peace.

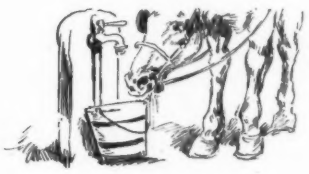
The opera 's billed on the coal-yard fence,
And the lawn 's carved down, alas!
Till its plush-like finish gives us a sense
Of the sign: "Keep off the grass!"

The organ-fiend, with a smile sublime,
Grinds on with a kind intent,
While watching the nimble monkey climb
To our blinds for the nimble cent.

Yet we tell our friends on the city street — all hubbub and wild alarms —
Of our sweet sequestered country seat, and its truly rural charms.

R. K. M.





CARRYING REALISM TO EXCESS.

Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Maddergrass went to the theatre the other night, to see one of those modern triumphs of the dramatic art into which so much realism is inserted perfectly regardless of expense.

There was a tank of real water; real air — somewhat contaminated, it is true, but still real air — was supplied for the use of the cast; real gas was burned in the footlights; real wall-paper adorned the parlor of the heroine's mansion; only real actors were needed to complete the reality.

The good young man, the son of poor but honest parents, had thrown out hints that he loved the fair heiress. Owing to a "pull" possessed by the villain, her papa had told his daughter that it was his will that she should wed the man he named; and she had declared, in tragic tones, that she would rather die a thousand deaths than marry one man when her heart was another's.

This was the uncomfortable state of affairs when the first act ended.

As soon as the curtain fell, Mr. Maddergrass rose, put on his overcoat, and, taking his hat, was about to join the masculine procession in the aisle, when his wife spoke to him.

"I suppose," she said, and a large quantity of irony could be detected in her tone; "I suppose you are going out to see a man."

"Oh, no!" replied Mr. Maddergrass, on whom the realism of the play seemed to have had a notable effect; "I am not going out to see a man. I am going out to get a drink of whiskey."

W. H. S.

A PROFESSIONAL EXPLANATION.

Smiley.— Glitterin' Angels! Fiddsey; where yer goin'?

Fiddsey.— I 'm deliverin' orders. Jest got a job office-boyin' down to Reek's animal store.

MACEDONIAN CRIES.

Old Ireland *(in Ireland, to* Young Ireland *in America).*— Come over and help us wrest this country from the hands of its conquerors!

Young Ireland *(in America, to* Old Ireland*).*— Come over and help us wrest this country from the hands of its founders!

UNIQUE IN HISTORY.

"Maria, it makes me awfully nervous to see you put pins in your mouth!" said Mr. Mumble, as he looked over to where his wife was sewing.

But she could not answer without danger of choking. There was no last word; Mumble had broken the record.

A LESSON IN PROPER PRIDE.

Jack Uppers.— Look at these miserable clothes! I got them last Fall, and am wearing them yet. I 'm ashamed of myself!

Sanford N. Merton.— Confound you, you ought to be ashamed of yourself for saying that you are ashamed of yourself!

It is astonishing how quickly the merit of a picture can be determined — after we know the artist's name.

If the increasing army of globe-trotters should take the northward route, and return *via* the South Pole, the result would be more satisfactory to a weary public.

The gold eagle, like other good tenors, is a *rara avis.*

A division of labor — The Street-Cleaning Brigade.

Effecting a change of base — Passing a Counterfeit.

Self-possession prepares the witness for all points of the law.

THE TOOL CONVENTION.

THERE WAS some commotion in the Tool Chest. "Well," the Hand Saw was heard to remark, "I know I am superior to you all. As Julius Cæsar once said, 'I came, I saw'; and when I settle down to work you can hear something drop."

"But," said the Hammer, "there is no steadiness in your character. You shift forward and backward, while I am distinguished for always hitting the nail on the head. *(Here the Nail was seen to furtively rub his cranium.)*

"Mr. Hand Saw," remarked the File, in a rasping voice, "have you lost any front teeth lately?"

"Silence!" cried the Hand Saw. "It's a shame that gentlemen must associate with such an ugly, cross-grained character as you. You try to scrape every one's acquaintance."

The Plane tried to smooth things over, and stated that he would have something to offer before the meeting adjourned.

"Oh, Shavings!" growled the File. Whereat the Paper of Tacks laughed till it burst its sides.

"Gentlemen," said the Glue Pot, "while you can all saw, chop, hammer and destroy, remember! that I am the only one who can mend and restore. In me are the elements of true greatness."

"I say," said the File, "ain't you somewhat stuck on yourself?" At which the Glue Pot fairly boiled with indignation.

"Permit me," said the Spirit Level, "to direct your attention to the even disposition which I ever display. I make all things straight."

"When you have a drop of alcohol in," suggested the File.

"Your work, *gentlemen*," continued the Spirit Level, with an emphasis on the "gentlemen" which was intended to crush the File; "your work is never accepted until I have examined it, and this I say on the —"

"On the dead level," sneered the File.

The Sand Paper essayed to speak, but was promptly laid out flat, and advised that no unnecessary friction was desired. He had plenty of sand, however, and was only silenced by the Mallet, who rapped loudly for order.

"Where do I come in?" asked the Ten-Penny Nail.

"You don't," said the Claw Hammer, reaching for him. "You come out."

The Jack Knife, who was something of a blade, opened up, and declared that he had a point which he would like to present, but was greeted with loud cries of "Shut up!" which he did, with a click, after threatening to cut the acquaintance of every one present.

At this moment the Auger commenced to stagger 'round, and vow that he would "let daylight" through every one, when the Lid-of-the-Chest, a slam-bang sort of fellow, came down with a whack, and said:

"Boys, I 'm onto the whole crowd."

And the hush thickened.

James F. Doyle.

PASSENGERS ARE not admitted by the first and last platforms of "L" trains. It is necessary to tie up the ends of a stuffed sausage.

IF IT TOOK two or a half dozen touches of Nature to make the whole world kin, perhaps we would not have so many poor relations.

NOW IS the time when the man who does n't care to weather the storm, stands at his window and storms at the weather.

IT MAY sound queer, but Sir Walter Raleigh showed himself ruff and ready, when he put his cloak under Queen Elizabeth's feet.

VICTOR HUGO usually stood at his desk when writing. The clerk who is wearing out a three-legged stool may be interested in this sign-mark on the road to fame.

IT IS OFTEN the man who has the most confidence in his constitution that will soonest run it down.

"THIS IS plain living and high thinking!" said the dude, as he picked his teeth in the corridor of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, after the lunch of mush-and-milk he had taken in a side street.

ETERNAL VIGILANCE is the Price of Despotism.
— *Alexander III.*

A VAIN REGRET — That You Cannot Dress as Well as Your Neighbor.

LAMB WITH green peas is a very good dish; but the Wall Street man prefers lamb with greenbacks.

POVERTY IS N'T an unmixed evil; it saves a man from jury duty.

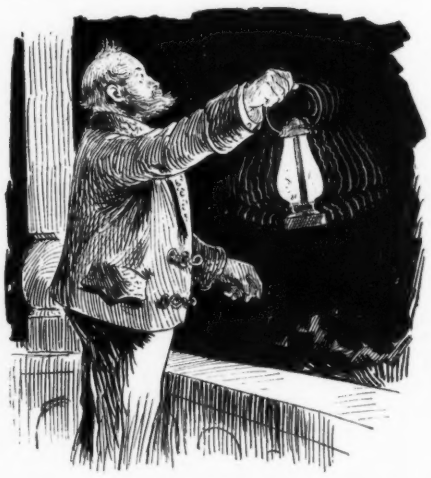
THE MOST convenient suburb is the one it is easiest to get out — of!

WHEN YOUR trousers get baggy you should give them the sack.

PUCK'S CODE OF LANTERN SIGNALS FOR SUBURBAN RESIDENTS.

SWINGING IN HALF-CIRCLE.— Are you going to the Bean Bag Sociable this evening?

WAVING TWO LANTERNS SLOWLY.—Come over and play a game of checkers; it's awfully lonesome.



GIVING A TREMBLING MOTION.—Have you got over your attack of malaria yet?

SWINGING RAPIDLY BACK AND FORTH.—Your cat is making a disturbance on our fence; please come and remove her.

SWINGING VIOLENTLY IN CIRCLE.— Please call off your dog!

WAVING ON HANDLE OF UMBRELLA.— Help! I 'm stuck in the mud!

DURING A NOONING.

MRS. RACE *(of Chicago)*.—I 'll wager any thing that that gentleman over there is a townsman of mine.

MRS. RIVERSIDE RIVES.—How do you know?

MRS. RACE.—He 's so refined in his eating arrangements. He put his napkin around his neck with a little gold chain, pinned back his cuffs with pearl-headed pins, and now he 's blowing his soup with a cute little silver bellows.

THE QUEEN proposes to pacify Battenberg by making him a duke. When there shall be another strike among longshoremen, Her Majesty will propitiate them by making them all earls and counts. It should be remembered, however, that an American, Mr. Artemus Ward, originated this idea when he made all the members of his volunteer company brigadier-generals, so as to prevent jealousy.

THE LATEST OF PUCK'S ESTEEMED CONTEMPORARIES — *The Illustrated American* — James G. Blaine.

A STARTLING PHENOMENON.

LITTLE MISS MUFFETT.—My goodness gracious, how hot that fire is, Bridget! See, the poor man in front of it is beginning to warp!

ALMOST.

I KISSED HER (almost) as we said
"Good-by" in the hall that night;
I kissed her (almost), O faint heart!
There was n't a soul in sight.

I dared to, (almost) dared to kiss
That little upturned face;
I dared to, (almost) dared to fold
My love in a fond embrace.

The charm of the moment returns to me,
As back to that time I look;
I feel the clasp of that little hand —
And the kiss that I (almost) took.

Frank Pemmon.

GRANDMA'S GLASSES.

"Freddy, have you seen my spectacles?"

"Your gold-rimmed glasses, Gramma?"

"Yes."

"What you wear on your nose and see through?"

"Yes; where are they?"

"The glasses that Grampa gave you?"

"Yes."

"For a Christmas present?"

"Yes; tell me where they are."

"Are they the glasses that you read the Bible with, Gramma?"

"Oh, yes! I 'm getting impatient, Freddy. Get them for me."

"Glasses that you read about David and Gerliah with, and the three children in the fiery furnace?"

"Yes; the same glasses. Tell me where they are, and quit asking so many questions."

"Do you want to read with them now, Gramma?"

"No; I want to sew."

"What are you going to sew, Gramma?"

"I want to hem a few handkerchiefs."

"For me?"

"No; for Grandpa. Where are those glasses, you little torment?"

"You can't sew with the glasses, can you, Gramma?"

"Of course I can. I can't sew without them."

"I thought you sewed with a sewing machine, Gramma."

"Oh, you aggravating boy! Look right at me! Now tell me where those glasses are."

"Dunno."

"Have n't you seen them lately?"

"Nome."

Wm. H. Siviter.

LENDING TO THE LORD.

ST. PETER.—Who are *you?*

YOUNG MAN.—I 'm a reporter on the *Wail and Distress.*

ST. PETER.—Walk right in.

YOUNG MAN.—I don't want to go in; but my boss sent me up here to collect the interest on what he has given to the poor.

ALMOST AS SLIPPERY.

"Are n't you going to have an Ice Palace this year?"

"No," said the Westerner, sadly. "Ice is too scarce. We may get up a Lard Carnival."

IN THE NAVY.

CAPTAIN.—How is that fellow I cut down?

DOCTOR.—Dead, sir.

CAPTAIN.—Well, don't bury him until he has apologized.

ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC.

"It 's a long time between drinks," as the tramp said who started to walk from New York to San Francisco.

A GRAVE OFFENSE.

"Did you hear of that man who was arrested in Florida?"

"No. What did he do?"

"He set out to Tampa with the mails."

SUNDAY MORNING IN BOSTON.—GETTING THEIR BROWN BREAD AND BEANS.

JOHN BULL PARATUS IN AMERICA.

II.

JOHN BULL PARATUS rejoiced and was exceedingly glad when he first set foot on New York's pavements, because he knew they were going to be very bad — and they were. He hugged himself with delight, for he had read in an English newspaper that no city in the world was disgraced by the presence of such mean and despicable pavements, and such hopelessly dirty streets. And when he walked toward the elevated railway, to take his first ride on one of Mr. Gould's express trains, he saw that the streets really were dirty and ill-paved, and he was very glad.

"It 's all right," he said to himself; "it 's all right! Everything is coming out beautifully. My countrymen who have been over here have told the precise truth about every thing. I 'm so glad that I prepared myself for it all."

He ambled along toward the Twenty-third Street station, and chuckled in glee as he ambled. He climbed the Elevated stairs, slowly selecting from his newly acquired pile of silver and nickel change a Canada ten-cent piece. In his pockets he carried Dunkworth Slessing's "American Notes." He had, just before leaving his hotel, read the paragraphs about the Elevated Railway system. Among other things, Mr. Slessing said:

"The guards and station men are all newly landed Irish immigrants. Their appearance is shameful, their language disgusting, their manners villainous."

"That's Canadian money, sir; we can't take it," said the ticket agent.

"Why not?" demanded Mr. Paratus angrily.

"It 's against the rules."

"Bother your rules!" said Mr. Paratus; "it 's American money."

"But not United States money."

"Give him a nickel, English," said a dapper youth behind.

"None of your impertinence!" said Mr. Paratus, as he flung down five pennies.

He received a ticket, just as the train started, and as he rushed forward the station gateman shut the gate.

"What do you mean, sir, by slamming that gate on me in that brutal manner?" demanded he.

"It 's our orders, sir," said the man civilly.

"Confound your orders, you scoundrel! I 'll teach you to behave in this villainous manner."

"Villainous rats," said the gateman, becoming nettled.

"How dare you speak to me like that?" shouted Mr. Paratus, shaking his fist under the man's nose. "I 'll report you, sir."

"Report him right away," said a small man with a beard, stepping up. "I 'm Col. Hain, general manager of the line."

"Then, sir, you saw for yourself how —"

"I saw the man treat you as you deserved, sir," said Col. Hain, turning away; "you were uncivil, not he."

"Was I?" inquired Mr. Paratus of the bystanders.

"Yes, of course."

After a moment's silence, Mr. Paratus stepped forward and hurled Slessing's "American Notes" under the wheels of an arriving train, exclaiming:

"There, you confounded fabricator!"

Tricotrin.

A BOUNDLESS CONTIGUITY OF SHADE — Political Methods Nowadays.

"TELL ME, where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?"

We really don't know, inquisitive Avonian; but we suspect you might find it at the Vienna bakery.

MR. MEERSCHOM AND HIS CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

December 25th. March 25th.

AMBIGUOUS.

"NOW, GENTLEMEN," said the auctioneer, "these town lots are goin' to sell like hot cakes. Here 's good solid soil at rock-bottom prices. Here 's buildin' lots dirt cheap. Buy two of 'em, fifty by a hundred feet each, and you git a good square bargain. Or you can git a single one at the price o' the lot.

"I tell you, gentlemen, these lots ain't goin' to stay as low as they are now a great while. See 'em fillin' 'em in over there? Them lots they 're fillin' in sells for a hundred 'n' ten to-day but they 'll be higher by to-morrer. There 's some lots over there that some men bought last week, and now *they* 've gone up.

"See what the company's doin' here to increase the value o' this property. They 've made a contract with a man to grade the street; and that 's a grade deal in itself. They 're goin' to have gas put in, and you 'll have the use of it at light cost. Then they 'll have water introduced, which may cost a little more, but it won't run up much. You can see for yourself how things are here, gentlemen. The air itself won't be free here long; the wind 's risin' now. How much am I offered now for lot number sixteen?

"Gentlemen, if you ain't got sense enough to bid a few dollars on this lot, perhaps you 've got dollars enough to bid a few cents. No?"

M. W.

THE MALIGNING MOTHER-IN-LAW.

MRS. VAN BIBB.— What is the matter with my husband, Doctor?

DOCTOR SCHMERZ.— Well, he has symptoms of mania à potu, in addition to acute cephalalgia and nasal hyperæmia.

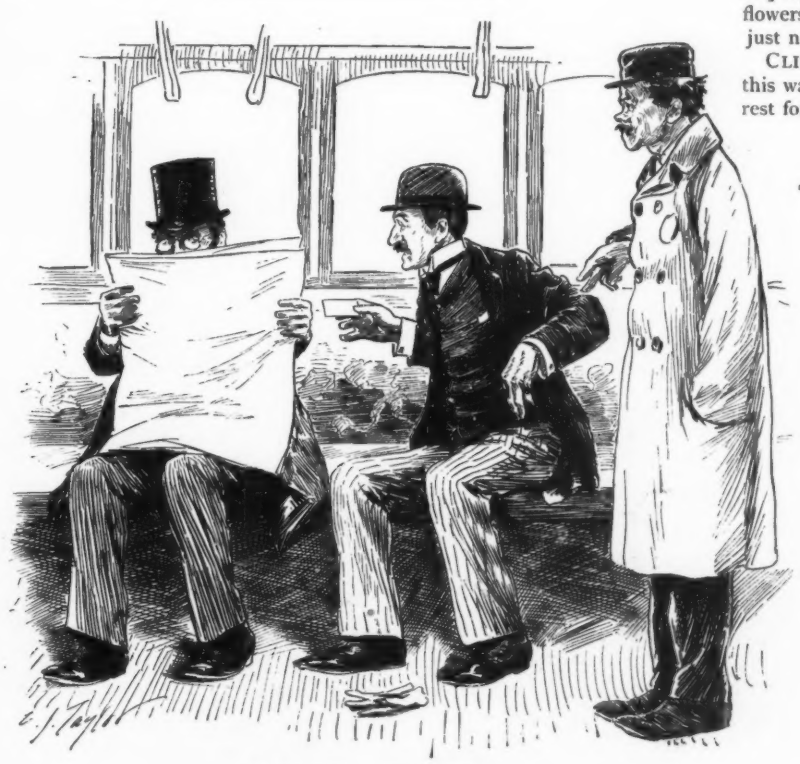
MRS. VAN BIBB.— Oh, dear! What do you suppose caused it?

DOCTOR SCHMERZ.— I think it is due to excessive cerevisiac and caudagallic absorption.

MRS. VAN BIBB.— Poor, dear fellow! And Mother said there was nothing the matter with him, except that he had been drinking too much. I shall never forgive her.

APTLY QUOTED.

"You should air your apartments if you wish to rent them, Mrs. Browne," said the agent. "You know what Hamlet said: 'Flat, stale and unprofitable.'"



CLOYING REVENGE.

BANK TELLER *(on his way home)*.— Pardon me, sir, here 's my card. I've left my change in another coat. Will you kindly loan me a nickel for my fare?

SOLID CITIZEN *(who remembers a recent haggle at the* TELLER'S *window)*.—*Where's your* IDENTIFICATION? That card is no good.

ARCADIAN SIMPLICITY.

MRS. GREENMEADOW *(in from the country on a visit)*.— And, Martha, dear, how 's Maria Percher?

MRS. UPHAM-UPHAM.— Oh, here 's a card from her! She 's been away for two months — in Europe, you know — and will be at home to-morrow from 4 to 7. We must call.

MRS. GREENMEADOW.— Well, I declare! Been away two months, and going to stay home only three hours! Did you ever?

BROKEN SLUMBERS.

MRS. BULL.— Are you asleep, dear?

MR. BULL.— No; but I would 'a' been by this time if you had n't waked me up.

WHAT MAY HAPPEN.

LAWYER *(to his client, a German saloon-keeper)*.— For whom are those baskets of flowers, that the court officers brought in just now?

CLIENT.—For mineself! Don't you know, this was the jubilee of my one hundredt' arrest for violating the Exise Laws?

SURE DEATH.

"Do you hunt, Doctor?"

"No. I am not an expert in handling a gun."

"But you might prescribe for the game."

WHEN THE BOOK-MAKER SKIPPED.

"Have you realized on your bet on the race?"

"No; but I 'm racing to realize on it, you bet!"

FIXING ITS GENDER.

"They have decided that 'phonograph' is in the feminine gender," said Mrs. Gabley's husband.

"I wonder why?" asked Mrs. Gabley.

"Because it always has the last word."

THE CHIEF RESULT of arbitration between capital and labor is to give a few useless people good salaries.

BEETHOVEN WAS stone deaf during the latter part of his life. But he had a good ear for music just the same.

IT IS a mistake to say that rain falls alike on the just and the unjust. The latter always has the umbrella.

A BOARDING-HOUSE PROBLEM. — To be able on beef hash to beef hash on able.

BEHIND THE SCENES — The Quality of a Good Deal of the Acting that Accompanies them Nowadays.

THE MAN who satirizes other people's ancestors will kindly rise and explain if he is the fruit of a special creation.

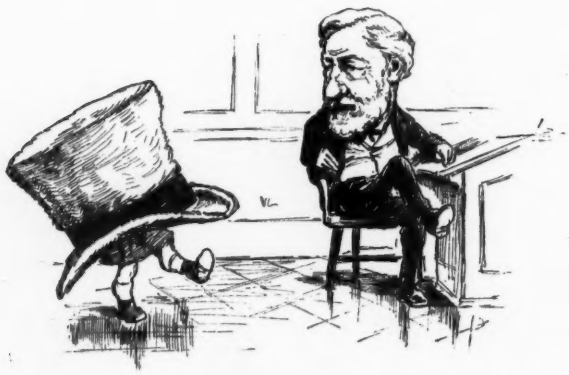
J. Ottmann Lith. Co. PUCK BLDG N.Y.

THEY HATE THE LIGHT, BT

UCK.

GHT, BUT THEY CAN'T ESCAPE IT.

THE AUTOCRAT OF THE WHITE HOUSE.



JIM. — Good morning, Ben.

THE GRANDSON. — Mr. McKee, if you please.

A WELL-ORDERED LIFE.

THERE WAS a man in our town, and he was otherwise;
A carpenter, he had to be a joiner, too, to rise.

In trade he found he could not cope with Augerly, his neighbor,
Until he had enrolled his name among the K. of L.

Enamored of a maiden fair, he found he 'd be a goner
Unless he 'd swell her daddy's lodge, who was a K. of H.

Her brother still opposed his suit, but compromised it when
He joined the A. O. U. W.

And she, who wished her spouse to be most virtuous of exemplars,
Pushed him into the I. O. G. T.

To mix in politics was vain as toying with quaternions,
Until a member of the A. O. H.

He hired a 'prentice to his trade, but soon was cured of *that* trick;
The boy was mobbed — he was n't of the good K. of St. P.

His daughter could not print a kiss in filial communion,
Until admitted to the printers' T. U.

He could n't run a train of thought, unhurt by bricks and jeers,
Outside the B. of L. E.

And so he ordered all his ways, obedient to authority,
Until he paid his final dues, and joined the Great Majority.

Five hundred hacks pursued the hearse — a few with lodge officials;
The rest with his regalia and society initials.

Chas. F. Lummis.

A BUSINESS REASON.

MR. CHATTER. — It is wonderful how many men are ruined by the liquor habit!

MR. DUCKETT. — Not at all wonderful. They use it at wholesale and buy it at retail.

A DOVE-LIKE CELESTIAL.

TREASURY CLERK GRABB. — One of the members of the Chinese Legation is named Koo.

DEPUTY MARSHAL NABB. — Speaks Pigeon English, I suppose?

A THEOLOGICAL DISCUSSION.

YOUTHFUL BAPTIST. — There used to be a John the Baptist; but who ever heard of a John the Methodist?

YOUTHFUL METHODIST. — Huh! Guess you never heard of John Wesley.

MORE DIFFERENT KINDS OF A HUMORIST.

"Who is the funny man on the *Mail and Express?*"

"The Colonel."

THE USUAL COURSE.

"That was a lovely portrait of your daughter in the *Society Gazette*."

"I thought you did not read that paper?"

"I don't. I saw the picture pasted up in our club bar-room."

A LEADER OF THOUGHT.

VISITOR *(in editorial sanctum)*. — Do you mould public opinion? Are you a leader of thought?

EDITOR. — Yes; all of that.

VISITOR. — How much are you in advance?

EDITOR. — Two dollars a year.

NEW ITALY.

"How can you write an Italian romance when you have never been to Italy?"

"I 've lived near the Aqueduct for five years."

SILENCE IS GOLDEN; and this is probably the reason why the Senate Millionaire Club is so anxious for secrecy.

THERE IS SAID to be a decline in the reading of fiction; but the Weather Probabilities are still industriously printed every day.

WHEN IS the drum of the ear a snare drum? When it listens to insidious flattery, to be sure.

THE ARMY is governed by a General rule.

THE MAN who claimed that he had never heard the mother-in-law joke, explained that the particular old lady he referred to had no sense of humor.

A CHEERFUL GIVER.

SUBSCRIPTION AGENT *(giving an object lesson)*. — This was from an actual photograph, sir. Can't you let me put you down for something to ameliorate their condition?

MR. SAUCER. — Certainly. Mr. Chipps, have a case of Worcestershire Sauce packed at once, and sent prepaid to Jiggaway Island, South Pacific. Good day, sir.

SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI.

"IS THIS THE END?" sighed the Baking-Powder Can as it lay in the Ash-Barrel. "After the press of a continent has rung with my praises, must I perish thus?"

"Me too!" groaned the Soap-Wrapper. "Once the inspiration of bard and artist, now I lie here ragged and forlorn."

"Be quiet!" growled the Barrel. "You have both of you been too confoundedly puffed up; and having outlived your usefulness ought to be content to drop out of sight."

"Insolent brute!" returned the Baking-Powder Can. "I have commanded the respectful attention of eminent scientists; whilst you—who are you, and what have you done?"

"I have done my duty, and held potatos in my time," rejoined the Barrel; "while you have had more different estimates made of you than a politician has; and you 've been about as bad as one. As for this dirty Soap-Jacket, he has disgraced art and literature, as you have cookery. I wish the scavenger had you both!"

* * * *

Adversity teaches us our true worth. *Hanson.*

WHERE WILL THEY STOP?

MRS. BROWNTOP.—Simon, they are not satisfied with sanding the sugar and watering the milk. They 're adulterating everything.

MR. B.—What have you discovered now, dear?

MRS. B.—Well, this morning I actually caught the gasman pouring water into the meter.

A DESIRABLE LOCATION.

FIRST TROUT.—This seems to be a quiet neighborhood; how does it strike you as a place of residence?

SECOND TROUT.—Just the thing. There are no flies on it!

ACCOUNTING FOR THE COOLNESS.

"Bighed is a very cold man," remarked Jordan.

"Yes," replied Marsh; "he 's wrapped up in himself."

JUDGING BY APPEARANCES.

"Well, I 'm full again," said the Cider Barrel, trying to stand on its head.

"I thought so," said the little Keg, "when I saw you rolling over here all bunged up. Oh, yes, you are tight!"

TRUE AS GOSPEL.

"Ah," he said, as the postman handed him a letter. "An epistle!"

"No," said his wife, as she opened the envelope, and a bill fluttered to the floor. "Not an epistle. A collect."

SO THEY ARE.

MRS. MUMBLE.—I wonder how people got the idea that porous plasters would be beneficial.

MR. MUMBLE. — From the fact that they are holesome.

WHERE, INDEED?

MRS. WUNDAH. — I did not know there were such things as artificial whales.

MR. WUNDAH. — Well, there are not.

MRS. WUNDAH. — But where do they get this artificial whalebone the papers speak of?

STRANDED.

"Yes; the yacht was completely wrecked; but the captain saved himself by clinging to the bight of a rope."

"H'm! His bark appears to have been worse than his bight."

OUR SENSATION NEWSPAPERS.

CITY EDITOR.—Mr. Pad, we want an article for next Sunday's paper on "How It Feels to be Hanged." We have arranged with the Sheriff, and you are to go up to the Tombs at once and be operated upon. After you have been cut down and resuscitated, write it up and get your copy in by five o'clock this afternoon.

HAD N'T FOUND OUT YET.

ARCHITECT.—So you 've made up your mind to build, eh? Do you know yet just what you want?

S. U. BURB.—No; not yet. My friends have n't let me into their secrets on that point yet.

GOING AND COMING.

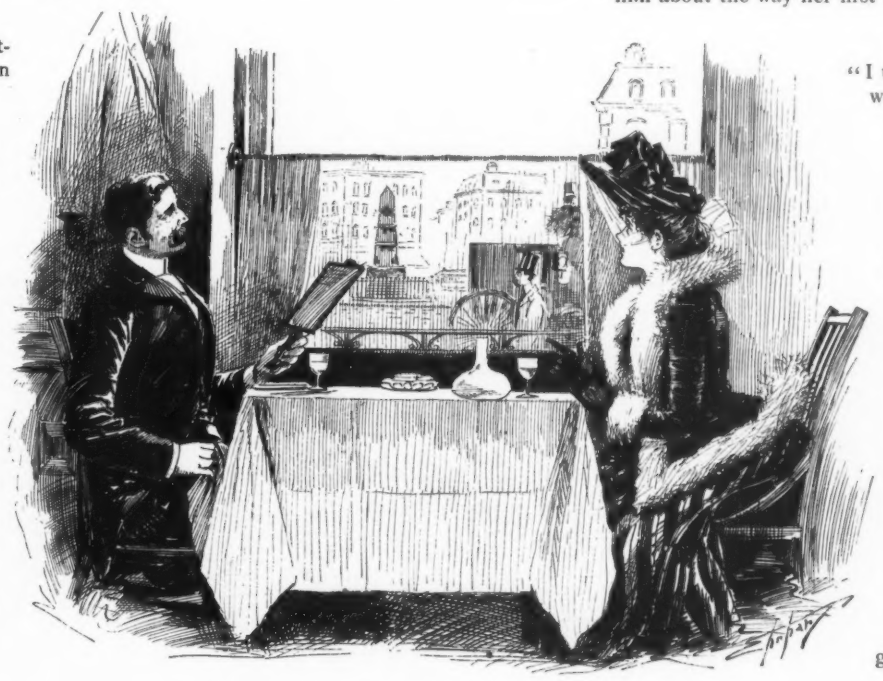
"Well, Johnnie, do you enjoy going to school?"

"It 's pretty good fun. I like comin' home the best, though."

HIS PEACE ASSURED.

BARGEN.—Wonder what possessed Packer to marry a divorced woman?

KOWNTER.—Oh, that was a great scheme of his. She 'll never nag him about the way her first husband used to do so-and-so.



OVERHEARD NEAR MADISON SQUARE.

MISS BUDWORT *(of Maine)*.—What 's that shaft over there?

HER NEW YORK COUSIN.—That 's a monument to General Worth.

MISS BUDWORT.—Whose General Worth?

HER COUSIN.—General Worth's.

MISS BUDWORT.—Oh!

BOTH, DOUBTLESS.

"I tasted horse meat in Paris. It was pretty good."

"Was it a *table d'oat* or an *à la cart* dinner?"

BLESSED IS HE who expects nothing, for he will not anticipate the rebuff he is to get in addition to it.

IF AMERICAN GIRLS had free ballots, they would all vote to have fair counts, except those whose papas could afford a marquis or a duke.

THE TRAMP'S AFTER-DINNER SPEECH — Please give me something to eat.

THE GERMAN ARMY is to have fifty new batteries. "Keeping the peace" is a grand and glorious occupation.

Laissez fare—The Bobtail Car.

SOME OF Judge Hilton's friends are worrying about his future state. They fear he will not care to rest in Abraham's bosom.

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Philadelphia

Fed: Brown's Ginger—
THE GENUINE. ESTABLISHED 1822

CHOLERA MIXTURE.
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A POPULAR DANCE.

FIRST SWEET GIRL.—Oh, you should dance Strauss's new minuet waltz; it 's perfectly lovely!

SECOND SWEET GIRL.—I hate those poky old minuet figures.

F. S. G.—Oh, it is n't like the old minuet at all. It 's too lovely for any thing! You waltz a while, and then the music changes and you go off in a corner and hug.—*New York Weekly.*

30 cts. "PUCK'S OPPER BOOK." 30 cts.

A PHILADELPHIA paper reproaches New York for being so slow to erect monuments. Why, Brother, don't you know that a live people don't need monuments?—*Yonkers Statesman.*

NO GOODS DAMAGED.

SHOE FACTORY FOREMAN *(in thunder tones).*—What 's the matter there? Did you slit that leather wrong?

OPERATIVE *(humbly).*—N-no; I only cut off my fingers.—*New York Weekly.*

"IN THE '400' AND OUT."—PRICE, $1.

PROPERLY EQUIPPED.

BABY SPIRIT *(up in heaven).*—So I must go down to earth and get born, must I? What am I to be, a man or a woman?

GUARDIAN ANGEL.—Let me see. You have many talents, have you not?

Yes, indeed, ever so many. I can keep track of forty things at once, have my thoughts on one thing, and do a dozen other things correctly, sleep with one eye open, and on waking up at any time have full possession of all my faculties in an instant.

'T is well. You shall be a woman.—*New York Weekly.*

HE OBEYS THE BOYS.

CALLER *(at the White House).*—How do you do?

THE PRESIDENT *(sadly).*—I do as they tell me.—*Epoch.*

CRUSHED.

D'HORSEY, *('93).*—That off horse seems to interfere a little, don't he?

CAR-DRIVER *(decisively).*—Guess he don't interfere with no one but himself.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

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Fair white hands.
Bright clear complexion
Soft healthful skin.
"PEARS'—The Great English Complexion SOAP,—Sold Everywhere."

SINCE Chicago won the Fair, we will hear more of the "Welded West," and less of the "Solid South."—*Ex.*

New Spring Suitings & Overcoatings
Choicest Styles of Foreign Markets displayed.
Suits to Order from $20.00.
Spring Overcoats from $18.00.
Samples and rules mailed on for self-measure application.
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Nicoll the Tailor
and 771 Broadway, New York City.

"CANTO I," sighed the poet, when he was refused credit at the store.—*Texas Siftings.*

"I SEE I am likely to have a brush with the enemy," said the fox, as he observed that the dogs had struck his trail.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

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GENERAL LORD WOLSELEY has been rebuked for writing articles for the American magazines. So hereafter he will write under the *nom de plumes* of "Tax Payer," "Veritas," "Pro Bono Publico," "Constant Reader" and "Subscriber."—*St. Joseph News.*

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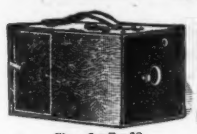

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THE salary of a messenger boy should n't come under the head of "running expenses."—*Yonkers Gazette.*

NOTHING develops a man's staying qualities like working by the day.—*Ashland Press.*

A COMPROMISE is a friendly agreement in which both parties get what they don't want.—*Ashland Press.*

WINTER experienced another lapse of Spring yesterday.—*Buffalo Express.*

A YOUNG FINANCIER.

"Say, Mama, how much am I worth?"

"You are worth a million to me, my son."

"Say, Mama, could n't you advance me twenty-five cents?"—*Time.*

AFTERWARDS—The Politician.—*Prison Mirror.*

HOW TO CATCH LIARS—By Their Tales.—*Ex.*

"We have rattling times," says the steam pipes.—*Ex.*

NEW YORK thinks that Chicago has got the world foul.—*Philadelphia Times.*

NEW KODAKS

"You presss the button, we do the rest."

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MR. JOHN FISKE, who certainly knows, has a lecture entitled, "How America Came to Be Discovered." Was it not COLUMBUS, "as he sailed," who came?—*Boston Post.*

MISS OLAF KRARER, an Esquimau, is lecturing in the East. Her chief claim to distinction is that she is only three feet four inches in height. If her lectures are correspondingly short she will achieve success.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

THE young musician of Trenton who swallowed a key the other day will probably be able to keep the pitch in future.—*Boston Post.*

To stimulate the appetite and secure good digestion, use Angostura Bitters. Sole Manufacturers, Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons. Ask your druggist.

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RAMESES I. was an actor in a very celebrated drama. Yet, though he was pretty well cured to last 3,000 years, he was no ham.—*Buffalo Express.*

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A PAPER has been started at Melbourne called the *Policeman*. A good many people have been taken in by it already.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

NORTHERN MAN *(down in Florida)*.—What's the price of that orange grove?

NATIVE.—Ten thousand dollars, Mister. Had the consumption long?

N. M.—Consumption! I have n't consumption.

N.—Just weak lungs, may be?

N. M.—My lungs are sound as a dollar. I am merely looking for a good place to locate; does n't matter to me whether it 's East or West, North or South.

N.—Oh! Well, I 'll let you have that grove for two hundred and fifty dollars.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

QUITE ASSURING.

SICK WOMAN.—I'm so apprehensive, dear Doctor, about being buried alive.

DOCTOR.—You shan't be, if I can prevent it.—*Epoch.*

"IN THE '400' AND OUT."—PRICE, $1.

PAYING INVENTIONS.

INVENTOR.—I have here a new life-saving appliance, which needs only capital to —"

CAPITALIST.—I 'm busted. Have n't a cent left. Going to the poor-house next week. Good-da —

INVENTOR.—Let me show you one more thing, also my invention — a new patent self-feeding rotary cannon, warranted to kill ten thousand men a second.

CAPITALIST.—Gee Whittaker! I 'll give a million dollars for a half interest.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

5th Crop, PICKINGS FROM PUCK. 25c.

100 dozen 24-inch Bohemian Napkins, *pure linen*, $1.20 a dozen. That 's the plain bald fact. A volume of talk would n't say all. You catch the spirit of our Linen doings in those simple Napkins. They stand for a store full of Linens of every sort.—*Philadelphia Herald.*

A DROP of the Crater — Lava.—*Texas Siftings.*

"A cent is good for a clay pipe," and 25 cents for a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

The acme of medicine, Salvation Oil, all druggists sell it for only 25 cents a bottle.

YOU CANNOT SHAVE YOURSELF! WHY? BECAUSE YOU NEVER USED

COLGATE'S SHAVING SOAP

For sample send 2 cts. box 64 5, New York.

For improved and economic cookery use

Liebig COMPANY'S

EXTRACT OF BEEF,

for Beef Tea, Soups, Made Dishes, Sauces, (Game, Fish, &c.), Aspic or Meat Jelly. Keeps for any length of time, and is cheaper and of finer flavor than any other stock.

J. v. Liebig

Genuine only with J. von Liebig's signature as above, in blue. One pound of Extract of Beef equal to forty pounds of lean beef.

Crosse & Blackwell's

FRESH FRUIT JAMS,

Made from English Fresh Fruits

AND REFINED SUGAR,

ARE SOLD BY ALL GROCERS

IN THE UNITED STATES. 62

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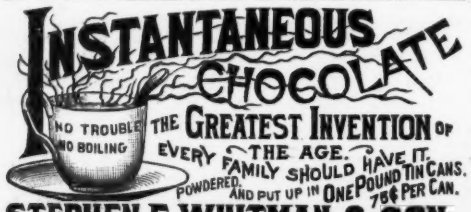
CHOCOLATE MENIER

ASK FOR IT EVERYWHERE

IT is a singular fact that the artist, though he often takes his wife for a model, seldom takes his model for a wife.—*Boston Post.*



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INVENTORS AND SOLE MAN'FS. PHILADELPHIA.

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JOSEPH GILLOTT'S

STEEL PENS.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS EXPOSITION, 1889.

THE MOST PERFECT OF PENS. 375

BOKER'S BITTERS

The Oldest and Best of All

STOMACH BITTERS,

AND AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE.

To be had in Quarts and Pints.

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THE EAGLE

THE EASIEST RUNNING BICYCLE IN THE WORLD.

Speed, Comfort and Safety.

AGENTS WANTED.

Large Illustrated Catalogue sent Free to any Address.

THE EAGLE BICYCLE MFG. CO., STAMFORD, CONN. 880*

New VINEYARD BICYCLES

All steel, rubber tire

High grade — cowhorn bars, spade handles. Kirkpatrick saddle. Warranted one year.

50-in. worth $55, for $32 | 44-in. worth $40, for $22
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871

A POOR girl has to be awfully good looking to be pretty, and a rich girl awfully homely to be ugly.—*Atchison Globe.*

A MAN'S greatness makes his family great; a woman's greatness makes her family insignificant.—*Atchison Globe.*

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES of Lime and Soda

is endorsed and prescribed by leading physicians because both the *Cod Liver Oil* and *Hypophosphites* are the recognized agents in the cure of *Consumption*. It is as palatable as milk.

Scott's Emulsion *is a perfect Emulsion. It is a wonderful Flesh Producer. It is the Best Remedy* for **CONSUMPTION, Scrofula, Bronchitis, Wasting Diseases, Chronic Coughs and Colds.**

Ask for Scott's Emulsion and take no other.

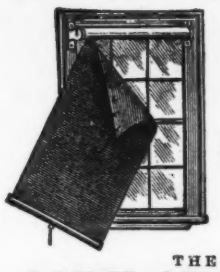
EDEN MUSÉE

55 W. 23d STREET. OPEN FROM 11 TO 11; SUNDAYS 1 TO 11.

WAX TABLEAUX.—ART GALLERY.—ERDELYI NACZI'S HUNGARIAN ORCHESTRA.

The Great Austro-Hungarian Divertisement of Dancing, Club Swinging, Fencing, Tableaux Vivants,

BY A SELECT COMPANY OF 16 BEAUTIFUL LADIES.—Admission, 50 Cts. Children, 25 Cts.

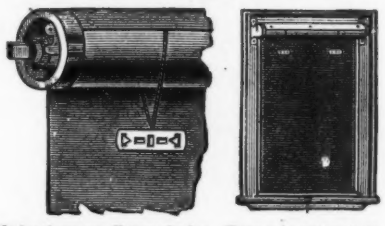


A little accident which has occurred millions of times, and which happens now and then in every house.

THE

ANTI-KUM-OFF

Window Shade Fasteners prevent all such accidents.



Order them on all new shades They only cost a trifle.

☞ **Agents and House Canvassers Wanted** in every city and town where the shade makers are not supplied. Thousands of families buy them for shades already up. For outfit and terms address

THE PATERSON NOVELTY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 870
Sole Manufacturers, Paterson, N. J.

PRICE $12 00 PER CASE.

The Best Tonic for All Kidney Troubles.

SWAN GIN!

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS, GROCERS AND DEALERS.
HIGHLY RECOMMENDED FOR ITS DIURETIC PROPERTIES!

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

Arnold, Constable & Co.

INDIA PONGEES.

CORAHS.

New and fresh Spring styles have been added to our stock of these desirable fabrics, unrivalled for wear.

JAPANESE STRIPE SILKS.

Very cool and pleasant for Summer Dress.

Broadway & 19th st.
New York.

33—"**Freaks.**" Being PUCK's Best Things About Fantastic Folks and Fads.
32—"**Job Lots.**" Being PUCK's Best Things About Business Busts and Booms.
31.—"**Household Happenings.**" Being PUCK's Best Things About the Fun and Fancy of Home Life.
30.—"**Fun at Zero.**" Being PUCK's Best Things About Winter Sports.
29.—"**'Round Town.**" Being PUCK's Best Things About Those Who Go Up and Down in the Great Big Town.
28.—"**Snap-Shots.**" Being PUCK's Best Things About Any Thing and Everything.

LOCAL BRIEFLETS.

MR. EZRA REDDEN is rejoicing over a new comer into his family. It is a boy.

ALONZO SHARP will go in the dairy business, next week. Success Alonzo.

THE net proceeds of the clam-bake amounted to $100.

FRANK M. ROTH is at work in a horse-radish factory at Altomont.

REV. JOHN HOAG AND WIFE, pastor of the M. E. church, have returned home from their vacation at Brookland. Jerome Phillips kept his horse for him while he was absent.

WILL ELLIOT and Cyrus Lasher have traded horses.

JOHN KELLY is expecting to raffle off his horses Saturday evening, at Sliter's hotel, Greenbush.

DR. S. C. CURREEN has received his horse back; he is again practicing his profession, and is looking better than for some years past.—*Greenbush Gazette.*

SOME one says: "It is just as easy to tell the truth as it is to tell a lie." No doubt of it; but there are times when a man will get several hours more sleep, and put his wife in a better humor, by telling a lie. And he tells it, too.—*Ex.*

Ideal Felt Tooth Polisher.

ENDORSED BY LEADING DENTISTS.

NON-IRRITATING TO GUMS OR ENAMEL

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS 883**

COOK'S Select Tours to AND **ROUND THE WORLD. EUROPE**

An illustrated pamphlet, describing fully the arrangements for our Eighteenth Season of Tours, now ready, and can be obtained on application.
THOS. COOK & SON, 261 & 1225 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

THE ROSY FRESHNESS
And a velvety softness of the skin are invariably obtained by those who use Pozzoni's Complexion Powder.

CARDS NEW SAMPLE BOOK of Hidden Name, Silk Fringe, Gold, Silver and Tinted Edge Cards. The Finest ever offered for 2 cent stamp. NATIONAL CARD CO., SCIO, OHIO. 834

FREE SAMPLE CARDS. The Finest, Cheapest and Best. 1810 OUTFIT FREE, to all who will act as agent. Send stamp for postage. U. S. CARD COMPANY, CADIZ, OHIO. 834

STOUT PEOPLE! WEIGHT REDUCED WITHOUT STARVATION DIET. Treatise & instruction for 6 stamps. E. LYNTON, 19 Park Place, New York 881*

HENRY LINDENMEYR,
PAPER WAREHOUSE.
Nos. 15 & 17 BEEKMAN STREET.
BRANCH, 31, 33, 35 & 37 EAST HOUSTON ST. } NEW YORK.

THE oysters are said to favor the removal of Lent into a month without an "r."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.*

Henry M. Stanley,

perhaps the foremost living American in pluck, endurance and achievement, has just completed successfully his last and greatest undertaking, the rescue of Emin. The story of his adventures and discoveries, "In Darkest Africa," will be published shortly by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons. It will be a thrilling and instructive narrative. Stanley is entitled to the fruit of his labors, and this the American sense of justice will secure to him by purchasing

"In Darkest Africa"

the only book in which he will have a personal interest. Intelligent and well-meaning people will not buy the bogus "Stanley books" offered under false and misleading representations, to no one of which has Stanley contributed a line. They will wait for the only authentic book on this subject, written by Stanley himself, and in buying it they will put into his pocket a share of the proceeds of its sale. "In Darkest Africa" will be in two octavo volumes, replete with maps and amply illustrated from Mr. Stanley's own photographs and sketches. Price $3.75 per volume in cloth. Sold only by subscription. Look on the title page for the imprint of

882 **Charles Scribner's Sons**

FACIAL BLEMISHES
The largest Establishment in the World for the treatment of Hair and Scalp, Eczema, Moles, Warts, Superfluous Hair, Birthmarks, Moth, Freckles, Wrinkles, Red Nose, Red Veins, Oily Skin, Acne, Pimples, Blackheads, Barber's Itch, Scars, Pittings, Powder Marks, Bleaching, Facial Development, etc. Send 10 cts. for 128-page book on all skin imperfections and their treatment.
JOHN H. WOODBURY, Dermatologist, 125 West 42d Street, NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.
P. S.—Use Woodbury's Facial Soap for the skin and scalp; for sale at all druggists, or by mail, 50 cents. 604

SHIPMAN'S FOUNTAIN PEN WRITES WITHOUT BLOTTING UNTIL THE LAST DROP OF INK IS USED.
ASA L. SHIPMAN'S SONS, 10 MURRAY ST., NEW YORK.

HIS powder is the only thing a Kentuckian willingly keeps dry.

Dead men tell no tales, but the ones who write their obituaries often do.

Marriages would be more frequently a success if fewer men and women were failures.

A cold is a good deal like a horse-car. A man can always catch one when he does not want it.

In order to properly observe the requirements of the Lenten season, some liars tell nothing but fish stories.

It is better to be alone than to be in bad company, but some people are in bad company when they are alone.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE MRS WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhœa. 25 cents a bottle.

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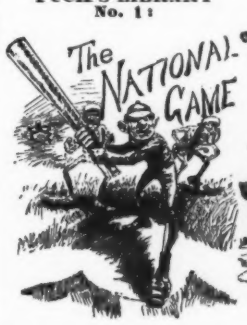

Being PUCK's Best Things About Base-ball.

PUCK'S LIBRARY No. 2:

Being PUCK's Best Things About that Afflicted Creature.

IF Senator Blair gets possession of a phonograph, the public will rise up and smite Edison.—*St. Joseph News.*

High-Class Dry Goods,

ETC.

Darlington, Runk & Co.

Have now open their entire Importation for the Spring and Summer, and each department of their business is fully prepared to exhibit the very newest and most desirable goods of

FOREIGN AND AMERICAN MANUFACTURE.

Mail orders receive prompt attention. Samples of material mailed to any address.

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27.—"**All at Sea.**" Being PUCK's Best Things About Fresh-Water Fairies and Sad Sea-Dogs.
26.—"**Fly-Time.**" Being PUCK's Best Things About The Torrid Term.
25.—"**Out Doors.**" Being PUCK's Best Things About Summer Sports.
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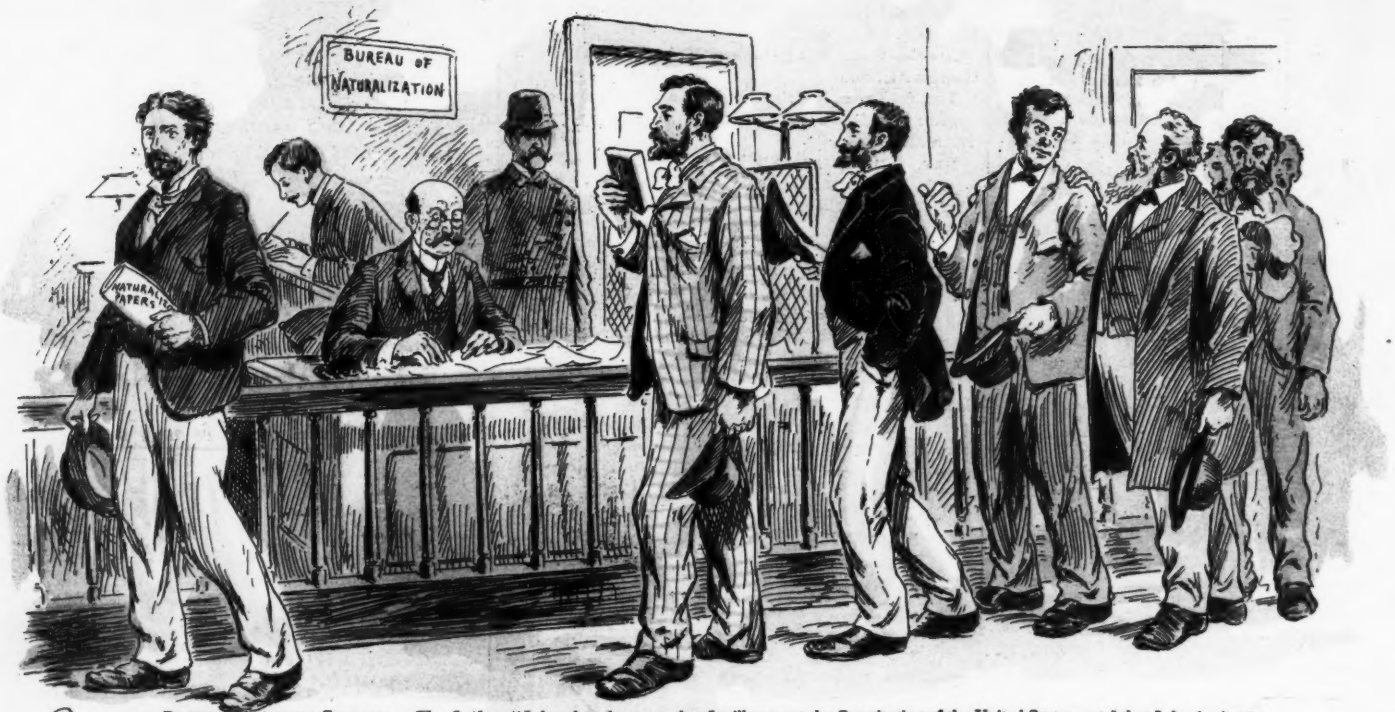
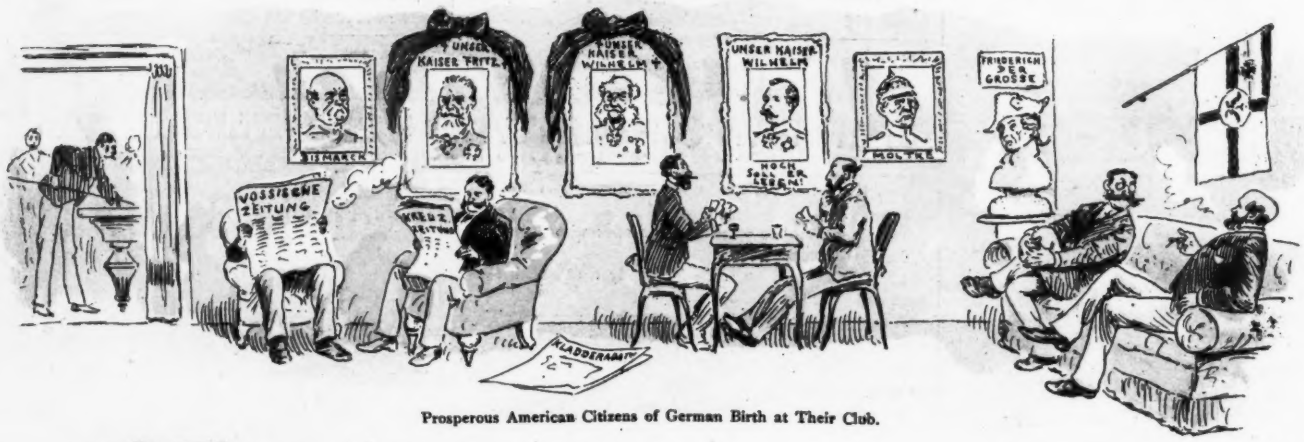
23.—"**Best Girl.**" Being PUCK's Best Things About Other Fellows' Sisters.
22.—"**Show Business.**" Being PUCK's Best Things About Artistes and Fakirs.



BECOMING AMERICAN CITIZENS. — *The Oath.* — "I do solemnly swear that I will support the Constitution of the United States; and that I do absolutely and entirely renounce and abjure all allegiance and fidelity to every foreign Prince, Potentate, State or Sovereignty, whatever," etc.

Prosperous American Citizens of French Birth Having a Little "Patriotic" Concert.



Prosperous American Citizens of German Birth at Their Club.

Prosperous American Citizens of English Birth Celebrating Queen Victoria's Birthday.

Prosperous American Citizens of Scotch Birth Keeping Up Old-World Customs.

Prosperous American Citizens of Irish Birth Engaged in a Dignified Ceremonial of Celtic Origin.

AN AMIABLE WEAKNESS OF SOME OF OUR FOREIGN-BORN AMERICAN CITIZENS.

The More They Prosper in this Country, the Stronger Grows Their Unrequited Affection for Their Native Land.